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### Gambier Observer, June 06, 1834

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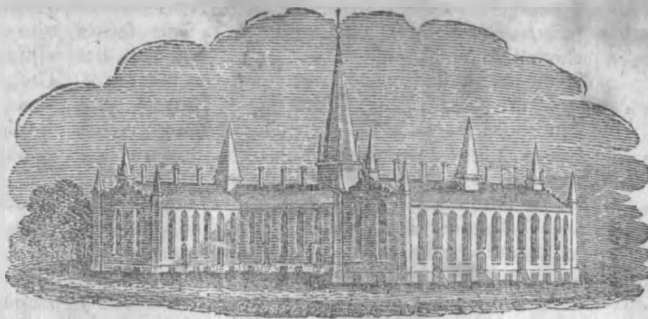
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—“that THY way may be known upon earth, THY saving health among all nations.”

VOL. IV.

GAMBIER, OHIO, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1834.

NO. 38.

REV. M. T. C. WING, EDITOR.

GEORGE W. MYERS, PRINTER.

THE FEAR OF GOD.

HUGH HUTTON.

Not with the fear, which shakes the frame  
Of crouching slave when passion's flame  
Glares in his tyrant's eye—  
Not with his sullen, forced respect,  
Shall pious hearts their prayers direct,  
To their great Lord on high:

Nor with the fear, awaked by doubt,  
Which wild and restless roams about,  
Nor hope, nor peace can know;  
Which looks uncheer'd on nature's smiles,  
Suspects heaven's gifts to harbor wiles,  
And broods o'er sin and woe:

Nor with the fear, which leaves the soul  
In superstition's dark control,  
Unvisited by joy;  
Which paints a demon to her sight,  
A God whose curse sends forth a blight,  
Earth's blessings to destroy.

But with the awe, which faith inspires,  
Pointing the soul's sublime desires,  
To Him who reigns above,  
Whose power supports creation's frame,  
Whose majesty all worlds proclaim,  
Whose robes are light and love:

Such fear, as filial duty shows,  
When the pure heart with ardor glows,  
A parent's smile to win;  
Watchful his goodness to offend  
Trembling his goodness to offend  
By negligence or sin.

Such fear exalts the Christian's heart;  
Bids baser thoughts and fears depart,  
Temptation's host retire;  
From worldly aims his love withdraws,  
Inspires his zeal in virtue's cause,  
And feeds devotion's fire.

God's service is a fountain blest,  
Of hope, and joy, and inward rest—  
He bids us drink and live:  
With filial reverence let us bow,  
And look to him with cheerful brow,  
And grateful praises give. [Presbyterian.]

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

“The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.”

For the Gambier Observer.

NUMBER I.

I. If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man,—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his mornings, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart,—they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious, and the hearts of the ambitious.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

II. A righteous man is one who takes the word of God for his rule, the grace of God for his strength, the Spirit of God for his guide, and the heaven of God for his home.—*Bunting.*

III. The wages that sin bargains with the sinner, are life, pleasure, and profit; but the wages it pays him with are death, and destruction; he that would understand the falsehood and deceit of sin, must compare its promises and its payments together.—*South.*

IV. Trials are medicines which our gracious and wise Physician prescribes, because we need them; and he proportions the frequency and the weight of them to what the case requires. Let us trust in his skill and thank him for all his prescriptions.—*J. Newton.*

V. Growth in grace manifests itself by a simplicity—that is, a greater naturalness, of character. There will be more usefulness, and less noise; more tenderness of conscience, and less scrupulosity; there will be more peace, more humility: when the full corn is in the ear it bends down because it is full.—*Cecil.*

VI. Some birds never make a noise but at the approach of foul weather; so there are persons who never cry to God but when his chastening hand is upon them. This is selfish: what can God think of your religion if you never seek him but in trouble.—*Jay.*

VII. Jesus is the way—and out of this way there is nothing but wandering. Jesus is the truth—and without this truth there is nothing but error. Jesus is the life—and without this life there is nothing but death.—*Quesnel.*

TEMPERANCE.

AFFECTING CASE OF THE EFFECTS OF INTemperance AND THE WANT OF DECISION OF CHARACTER. From an Address, entitled, “The Temperance Society a National Institution for Decision of Character—By the Rev. John A. Yates, Professor of Oriental Literature in Union College.

It is nearly 20 years since a youth from the interior of the country, was sent to one of our populous towns to complete his academic and collegiate education. He was the only and beloved child of a widowed mother. He possessed talents of a high order, industrious habits, pleasing address, a joyousness and liberality of disposition which gathered around him a numerous circle of friends and associates. As his mind developed itself, he exhibited a fascinating power of conversation, and that brilliancy of wit which has always exposed its possessor to the temptation of conviviality. With the ardor of his temperament, and beyond the reach of parental restraint, he yielded to these temptations, and fell into painful and frequent excesses. It was agonizing to see the fangs of the destroyer, first imprint themselves upon a victim so costly. At this time, he received those kind and tender remonstrances, which can be dictated only by a mother's heart, and written by a mother's hand. He was melted. Weeping and kissing the letter, he made a vow to reform. He did so; but in his attempt, he found no sympathy—none with whom he dare converse on his reformation. Obligated not only to resist an incipient habit, but also to sacrifice the enjoyments of friendship—he relapsed. His career increased in rapidity, and he was shortly afterwards obliged to leave the institution of which he was a member and retire to a neighboring village. In that place he was accidentally visited one evening by a classmate. “I am the most miserable of all beings,” he exclaimed. “Here is a letter from my mother in which she forbids me her presence forever, saying, that it will kill her to see her only child a profligate son. I would like indeed to die. My prospects are blighted, and if I live, I shall be nothing but a poor drivelling wretch.” He was urged to attempt his reformation, from considerations of his youth, and the natural reflection, that the severe measure of his parent was suggested in the agony of maternal affection for his recovery. He did reform: was restored to College; received his degree; returned home; commenced his professional studies, and once more revived the fond hopes of his devoted parent and his affectionate friends. But during all this time, he had combated his habits and his passions alone;

no one seemed to encourage him in his reformation—no one gave him a smile of approbation, and still less could any one be found to whom he could express his fears or his hopes, and find that sympathy in his feelings, without which friendship and affection are spiritless, and a mockery. But if none stood by him in his career of virtue, hundreds were found to give strength to his temptations, and zest to his forbidden pleasures. He fell. One relapse followed another, until a fearful career of profligacy was the result, in which he sought the city of New-York, as a wider field for the indulgence of his habits.

Two years after this event the same person who had visited this young man, in a village near the college, was travelling through the city of New-York, to the interior of New-Jersey. Going on board a steam-boat, his attention was attracted to a person stretched on the deck and wrapped in a cloak. His curiosity was excited, and approaching the individual, he was shocked at recognizing, in the bloodshot eye and haggard countenance, the features of his College companion. He arose and though partially inebriated, was conscious of his situation. “Are you here?” exclaimed the young man. “Now no more preaching—no more advice—my best friend is my bottle.” “What are you doing and where are you?” inquired the other. “I've been in New-York and am now going to Philadelphia to see my friend D—. You, know him; we have had many a merry hour; I mean to have another. My physician says, I must shortly die with my present habits; the best advice he ever gave me, and I think I may as well die in Philadelphia as in New-York.” He was beyond the reach of expostulation, and an hour afterwards, in a state of sottish insensibility. He went to Philadelphia; visited his friend; was received with kindness and cordiality. “My dear friend,” said he, “I have come to see you and revive old times.” “I am rejoiced that you have come,” replied the Philadelphian. “I wish you would stay with me, but do not allude to old times: they comprise the most painful period of my life, and the recollection is attended with shame and repentance.” The poor young man now felt himself alone in his dissipation, and accordingly yielded to the entreaties of his friend and resolved to reform. He did so for the third time; returned home, and raised his mother from a bed of sickness, to which she had been reduced by his profligacy.—*But he stood alone.* Again in a thoughtless moment, he touched the maddening poison, and for the last time, relapsed—a moral maniac! He rushed from his native village; went to New-York; from thence to New Orleans, as a deeper sink of pollution. There harrassed with debt, haunted by remorse, and maddened with habits, he fled to Cincinnati. In that place, he, who had commenced, a few years before, a life, with prospects clear and unclouded—with wealth—with talents—with friends became, through the want of decision, a begging pauper—a loathsome sot—supported by the refuse of the town—a gross pander of sensuality—until, passing through the main street, he laid down, at noonday, in the kennel, for his couch; its putrid filth for his pillow, and—*died.*

His mother! his mother! She rests, with a broken heart, under the green sward of the village church yard. Good God! what will Thy

book of remembrance unfold for poor fallen, sinful man!—*Vermont Chronicle*.

From the New-York Goshen Patriot.  
FORCE OF HABIT.

On a late cold night, my family and I were enjoying the comforts of a good fire, with a few friends, when during a social conversation, on the subject of habit, an old lady related the following circumstance:

"Shortly after the old French war, my father, who had recently been married, purchased a considerable tract of wild, uncultivated land, in the country of Dutchess, not far from where the village of Poughkeepsie now lies. He knocked up a log hut, went to felling trees and clearing the land. He was a very sober man; but he toiled excessively hard, and began to think a little spirits could do him no harm, when he was chopping. He therefore got him a bottle full, used it very sparingly, and only when at work in the woods. In process of time, however, he would take a little bitters in the morning, now and then. Afterwards, he must have his bitters every morning. At length the first thing he thought of in the morning was his bitters; he could not rest in bed till day-light, but must get up earlier and earlier for his bitters. Finding the habit was growing so fast upon him, he began to reflect seriously on the consequences, and at last mustered up all his resolution to overcome it.

One morning he got up very early, went to his closet, took out his bottle, gave it a parting look, and dashed it to pieces against a stone, liquor and all. My mother exclaimed, "why, what in the world is the matter? Why do you throw your bottle away?" His reply deserves to be recorded in letters of gold:—"I am resolved that liquor shall never get master of me." He lived to a good old age; the Lord was his strength and his portion; the Bible was his constant companion, and he died the death of the righteous. His numerous posterity are now in the possession of this same paternal inheritance, which their ancestor preserved by throwing away the bottle.

Thus we see how important it is to check the growth of evil habits before they get the mastery."

## RELIGIOUS.

### FAITH.

In Mr. Abbott's new book, "The Corner Stone," is the following illustration of faith:

Faith means confidence; not merely cold, intellectual conviction, but confidence; a feeling of the heart. To show this distinction clearly, imagine a man unaccustomed to such an elevation, to be taken to the summit of some lofty spire, and asked to step out from an opening there, upon a narrow board, suspended by ropes over the dizzy height. How will he shrink back instinctively from it. Explain to him the strength of the ropes, show him their size, and convince him by the most irresistible evidence that they have abundant strength to support many times his weight. Can you make him willing to trust himself to them? No. But the builder whose confidence in the suspended scaffolding has been established by experience, stands upon it without fear, and looks down to the stony pavement a hundred feet below with an unmoved and steady eye. Now you must have such faith in Christ's sufferings and death as not merely to admit their efficacy, but to trust yourself to it.

A father was once amusing a number of children with an electric machine, and after one or two had touched the knob and received the shock they drew back from the apparatus, and looked upon it with evident dread. The father presently held out to them the jar, uncharged, and consequently harmless, and said distinctly, but without emphasis, "If you touch it now, you will feel nothing. Who will try?"

The children drew back with their hands behind them.

"You do not believe me," said he.

"Yes sir," said they, with one voice; and several hands were held out to prove their faith; but they were quickly withdrawn, before reaching the dangerous knob. One alone, a timid little

girl, had that kind of confidence in her father which led her really to trust him. The rest believed his word, but had not heart-felt faith in it. Even the little believer's faith was not unwavering. You could see on her face, when the little knuckle approached the harmless brass ball, a slight expression of anxiety, showing that she had some doubts and fears after all; and there was an evident feeling of relief when she touched the knob and found from actual trial, that her father's word was true, and that there was really nothing there.

This last is Christian faith exactly. It not only believes what the Saviour says, but it acts in reliance upon it. It trusts to Christ, and throws itself upon him and tries to hush its remaining fears and to feel fully the confidence which it knows is deserved. Still there will be too often a slight misgiving; a hesitating fear alternating and mingling with its confidence and love; and expressing itself in the prayer, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." There ought not to be the slightest misgiving. It is sinful and unreasonable, even in the least possible degree.—*S. S. Journal*.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

### EFFORTS TO DO GOOD

Are not always good efforts. Even if the motive is right the means may be wrong. Hence it is not always our duty to encourage, even by silent acquiescence, every effort to do good. We go even farther than this. A man may be most sincere and devoted in his purpose to do good, so that his efforts shall be as to his own spirit in the sight of God holy acts; and yet it may be our most solemn and imperative duty to oppose his efforts with the whole weight of our influence, public and private. In order for this the man must indeed be deceived, so as a sinless man could not be, but yet, so as a very sincere and devoted, though imperfect Christian may be. If you doubt this when stated in these general terms, look at some examples.

You are dangerously sick. I have a medicine, which I am confident will cure you. For the purpose of saving your life, from motives of pure benevolence, acceptable in the sight of God, I urge you to take it. A skilful physician examines the medicine, and knows it to be dangerous. It is his duty to endeavor to save your life; and for that purpose, he must oppose my well-meant endeavors to give you a medicine, which he knows to be dangerous.

Good men, some of the best men the world ever saw, once thought that the perfection of Christian character could be attained only in solitude. So, to become more perfectly conformed to God, they withdrew to deserts, and lived in caves. At length, monasteries were built, and men were urged to enter them for life, for the sake of becoming more holy than they otherwise could. All who are acquainted with the history of the Church know the result. Certainly, had any one seen the evil of this system at the beginning, as plainly as Luther did in later ages, it would have been his duty to oppose its progress.

Las Casas, "the good Las Casas," was grieved to see the natives of the West India Islands wasting away and becoming extinct under the severe labors required by their Spanish masters. From pure compassion, he procured the introduction of negroes from Africa, whose constitution was more able to endure such labors. Here, from the purest motives, we doubt not, was the origin of the African slave trade. Who, that understood the subject, had there been such a one, could have been silent and innocent?

Such instances are numerous. The history of the Church is full of them. And yet we are told every day, "You must not say a word to discourage these men; for they are excellent men, and are very earnest to do good."

We are tired of such "gag-laws." When good men are doing mischief by their well-meant blunders, and we know it, we must speak. While we give them all due praise for their good intentions, we must testify what we do know concerning their errors. We cannot consent to look on in silence, and see every thing dear to us as men and as Christians whelmed in ruin, because the men who do it are good men, and mean it for good. Those

who appear before the public to do good, must be willing to have their doings publicly discussed. They must be willing that those who think their plans, measures and doctrines bad or dangerous, should say what they think. The public must be willing for this, and bear it all without getting angry. Else there is no liberty of the press or of speech, and no safety.

### THE WRONG PROPORTION.

In making charitable contributions, the rule of proportion is a favorite guide. Men are often willing to give their proportion, and think it irregular to give either more or less. But the standard is commonly wrong. They do not mean they will give in proportion to their ability, or in proportion to the importance of the object, but in proportion to what their neighbors give. Thus a man who is ten times richer than any other in the parish, may always give twice as much as any other, but the rate of his donation is always governed with the caution, that he must not do more than his proportion. He takes proportion to be the common average of liberality, and for the sake of his credit as the rich man of the place, will double it. He is thus deficient by at least eight-tenths in the amount he ought to give; for according to the true rule—his ability—when his neighbor gives five dollars, his proportion is not ten, but fifty dollars.

"Every man according to his ability," seems to have been the primitive rule and practice. The apostles expected the Christians to give "as God had prospered them," and "according to that a man hath." Zaccheus did not think of giving less than half of his wealth, because few of the other disciples could give any thing that could compare with that amount. The ability and the object should determine the question without regard to the wealth or poverty, the generosity or meanness of others.

Men sometimes carry their false notions of proportion to a strange extent. They will even graduate their own charity by the existence of circumstances which affect their neighbors, but do not affect themselves in the least. For instance, a season of embarrassment may stop or diminish the ability of many to afford their usual pecuniary help. Men in active business may be necessarily restricted, whilst that very fact increases the ability of the retired man. It is then just the time for such men to enlarge their liberality, and prevent the cause of benevolence from suffering by supplying the deficiency. But, forsooth, such may not be afraid or ashamed to meet applications for their aid with the state of the times, as a bold reason for doing nothing.

If this be the true rule of proportion and ability, there must be a new version of the parable of the talents, and some gloss that will modify the principles of the bible on the point.—*S. S. Jour.*

### AN EXAMPLE.

A superintendent mentioned the following circumstance as an example of the earnestness which a faithful friend will manifest when he feels real concern for another.

A female teacher in Philadelphia, some years ago, determined to try to bring into her school some of the most abandoned boys in the neighborhood. Among others whom she succeeded in persuading to attend, was one of a company of lads, who were in the practice of spending on the Sabbath, at a tavern, whatever sum they were able to collect during the week. This boy seemed to catch the spirit of his teacher, and resolved to spare no effort to induce one of his associates, and the worst of them, in whom he felt a special interest to join him in his new employments. He accordingly used every persuasion, and when the Sabbath came, went to the tavern, and there begged and insisted that he would accompany him to the school. All his attempts were ineffectual for several weeks, although on each Sabbath the Sunday-scholar went to the tavern and employed every thing but violence to bring him. On the fifth Sabbath he could only get rid of his importunity by promising to go on the next. But he broke his engagement, and postponed it for another week. The Sunday-scholar persisted, and at length succeeded in



getting him into the school. For the two succeeded Sundays he had to go for the new pupil, but after that he came willingly; his attention was engaged; he forsook his evil companions and habits, and two years after his admission to the school, became a communicant. Whilst this is an apt illustration of the nature of faithfulness, the sequel of this history is full of warning. The boy thus forced into the school is now an active superintendent, whilst the faithful boy by whose influence he was brought died a drunkard. What a lesson on the words of the apostle, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. I keep under my body and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."—*Sunday-School Journal*.

Selected for the Gambier Observer.

#### THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

There it lay, in its leathern cover, on the green baize, which was spread over the two-leaved table against the wall. It occupied the centre of the table, and lay,

"Alone, alone, all, all alone."

How often do we see the bible! the best of books! the gift of God to man! containing the glad tidings of salvation! covered over with dust and piled up with volumes of light-hearted mirth, or thoughtless folly! Sometimes it lies as the pedestal of a work-box; at others as the support of a tea-caddy.

It is of no use to withhold the truth, merely because it may be unwelcome to many; therefore let it be spoken—He who is careless of his bible, is not likely to be very much interested in its contents. It is easy to say that the bible is nothing but printed paper; that it is formed of old rags: what are the best of men formed of but the dust of the earth? And yet, how highly we prize those whom we dearly love?

Donald Blake loved many things, but he especially loved his old family bible. It had many associations clinging around it; for his father and his grandfather had read it, prayed, wept, and rejoiced over it. On the fly-leaf was written, with their own hands, the births of their children, and the deaths of such of them as had "put on immortality." They had marked, also different passages of scripture which had given them comfort, and builded up their souls in the faith of Jesus Christ, and him crucified. But it was not because the old family bible had been possessed by his forefathers, that Donald Blake revered it so highly, nor yet because of the births and deaths which were registered on the fly-leaf; neither was it on account of the crosses made opposite different passages of scripture, though all these things endeared it to his affections. No! It was because it contained the revelation of the most high God to his offending creatures, and pointed out the way of salvation through the merits of his well-beloved Son. This was the bond that bound the old family bible to the heart of Donald Blake; and as the volume lay alone, occupying the centre of the table, he would as soon have thought of treading on the foot of his infant child as of even appearing to slight the sacred pages, which in the darkest seasons of earthly affliction comforted his soul with the prospect of a heavenly inheritance.

Many who use their bibles for every other purpose except that of reading them with an humble spirit, to discover more of the will of God, would smile at the reverential feeling which influenced Donald Blake in all things appertaining to his family bible; and if Donald had rested satisfied with paying respect to the book, without really feeling in his heart the reverence that he manifested for the word of God, he would have shown himself to be a cold, formal hypocrite rather than a warm-hearted worshipper of the Redeemer; but it was not so. Donald's care of his old family bible arose from his love of so precious a treasure.

Pleasant was the sight at eventide to see Donald Blake sitting with his old bible before him, and his family gathered around him. Whatever had been the cares of the day, the blessed book, spread out before him, scattered them all; for it

promised that the redeemed of the Lord should be delivered from sorrow. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

And pleasant it was, too, to see Donald Blake, after reading the sacred page, kneel down to offer up his prayers and his praises unto the God of his fathers. The thin grey hairs hung loosely from each side of his calm, though furrowed brow, his hands were spread and his eyes turned upward, or closed, while in simple accents he poured forth his soul in his devotions, and felt that peace which the world giveth not, and cannot take away.

Oh, of how much consolation do prayerless men deprive themselves! for "the Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him. He also will hear their cry, and will save them."

One night, when Donald Blake returned home to his peaceful habitation, he found a grandson of his, a lad of about nine years old, busily engaged in building a house with all the books which he could find. Among these books, to the great grief of Donald Blake, was his family bible, and he gazed on his grandson with grief and displeasure.

It was a rare thing for the placid countenance of the old man to be ruffled with an angry feeling. It was but for a moment; for he remembered the days of his youth, and called to mind the thoughtlessness of his boyhood. But how was Donald Blake to impress on the mind of his grandson the remembrance of the error he had committed?

Donald's grandson had received a reward book at the Sunday-school, on which he set great store, not only because it was given him for good conduct, but also on account of its beautiful binding, and the pictures it contained.

Donald Blake, took the book from the cupboard where it had been carefully placed, wrapped up in paper, and put it against a broken pane of glass which the glazier was to mend on the morrow.

No sooner did Donald's grandson see his favourite little volume applied to so mean a purpose as that of keeping out the wind and the weather, than, springing up from his amusement, he besought his grandfather to take any other book than that to place against the broken pane.

"And why should I do so?" asked Donald.

"Because," said the boy, "I value that book so highly. It is beautifully bound, it has in it a great many pictures: it was given me by my Sunday-school teacher, and I love it dearly; any of those old books will do to stop up the window."

"Very true," replied Donald; "but I value my old bible that lies there much more than you value your reward book, and yet you can tumble that about upon the floor, and build houses with it. Your reward book may be a good book, but what there is good in it has been drawn from the bible. All the reward books in the world, however gay on the outside, and ornamented within, are not of half so much importance as the holy bible! the word of the most high God! So long, then, as you can use so carelessly the book that I value above all books, so long you must expect me to make use of your reward book for any purpose wherein it may be useful."

Donald's grandson fully understood the words which had been spoken. In a short time the bible was carefully placed by him on the table. The reward book was taken by his grandfather from the window, and once more deposited in the cupboard. The lesson was not lost, for never after that time did the grandson of Donald Blake, show the slightest disposition to manifest a want of reverence for the old family bible.

In the estimation of the Christian, the costliest piece of furniture in every dwelling is the old family bible, and the highest pedigree to which he can lay claim is that of being descended from Christian forefathers who have drunk from the same fountain of living waters as himself. Such a one can address the High and Mighty One as the God of his fathers, and feel that his faith is confirmed by the remembrance that his ancestors lived and died, the devoted followers of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

God of our fathers! joyful claim!  
This our rejoicing be;  
Our high hereditary fame,  
And noblest pedigree,  
God of our fathers! let us prove  
The children of thy grace and love.

#### ROMANISM IN IRELAND.

The following is from a letter of the Rev. R. J. McGee, a clergyman of the Church of Ireland, to the Editor of the Dublin Evening Mail. Mr. McGee has distinguished himself by the zeal and ability of his opposition to the government scheme of education for Ireland.—*Boston Recorder*.

I have just seen a little Romish tract, called *The Little Testament of the Holy Virgin*, published in Dublin last year. Though it has been proved how awfully the Board of Education has given the sanction of Scripture, in the eyes of Roman Catholics, to the idolatrous worship of the Virgin Mary, by their retaining the Roman translation of Gen. iii. 15, as this tract furnishes an additional proof of it, I call the attention of all who value the Bible, and the true worship of God, to the fact. After the preface, the tract commences with a prayer in these words:—

"O! ever blessed Virgin Mary, the avenue of God's tenderest mercies to man! thou wert promised from the beginning of the world to 'crush the serpent's head.'" Gen. iii. 15, &c.

The last page is as follows:—

"My child, I bequeath you my strength—it will uphold you in your temptations and labors, if you be but ready to be sacrificed for God."

Firm conviction, that as without Mary you can do nothing, so with her you can do all."

"All powerful Virgin, pray for Ireland."

Now, Sir, when we couple this with the Pope's Encyclical Letter of this year, circulated by the Romish bishops, in which he calls the Virgin Mary "the whole foundation of their hope"—let me ask, what more blasphemous, more abominable idolatry was ever published in a land called Christian?

The Virgin Mary is here put directly in the place of God—she is invested with omnipotence, "All-powerful Virgin"—she is represented as giving to man strength to overcome temptations and endure labors. The very two texts of Scripture which the Lord Jesus Christ applies to himself, "without me ye can do nothing," and which the Apostle applies to him, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me," are here applied to the Virgin Mary. The Pope, that arch Antichrist denies the foundation which God has laid in Zion for sinners, and leaves them no foundation but the Virgin Mary.

From the N. Y. Observer.

#### MRS. SIGOURNEY'S SKETCHES.

This is a beautiful little work, both in its mechanical execution and its matter. In the poetic department, Mrs. Sigourney has long held a distinguished place. She has been justly admired for her simplicity, her gracefulness, her classic imagery, but above all, for the spirit of devotion which breathes through her stanzas. Her merited praises have pervaded the new world, and been echoed from the old. In the department of prose, where she now appears, we perceive the same simple, graceful, classic, and devotional qualities that distinguish her as a poet.

The six sketches, or tales in prose, which compose the little volume before us, are respectively called, *The Father*, *Legend of Oxford*, *The Family Portraits*, *Oriana*, *The Intemperate*, and *The Patriarch*.

"The Father" is a splendid, almost sublime, delineation of a bereaved parent, writhing in agony too deep to be relieved by tears, over a beautiful and accomplished daughter, cut down by death in the spring of her youth and loveliness. The strength of the father's affection, and the gentleness of the daughter's love, are portrayed with graphic and soul-subduing effect. At first the grief of the father assumes an air stern, unsubmissive, and sullen; but an incident, happily introduced into the sketch, opens in his heart the fountain of tears, and restores him to himself and to a sense of his religious obligations.

The "Legend of Oxford" is a simple tale of a Huguenot Colony, driven from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and settled in

the then wilderness of Massachusetts. Their difficulties with the Indians, and their primeval piety, are strikingly and sweetly described.

"The Family Portraits" is perhaps less powerfully drawn than the other sketches. We incline to think that Mrs. Sigourney excels more in pathos, than in delineating the lighter shades of character. This sketch, however, adds variety to the volume, and shows, with fine moral effect, the dangers that environ a young and motherless daughter, exposed to the influence of an unprincipled female attendant.

"Oriana" is an Indian story, containing much fine colouring, and some touches of deep pathos. It breathes throughout the very soul of devotion.

"The Intemperate" is one of the most eloquent appeals against that vice, which we remember to have seen. This single article must endear this little volume to every friend of temperance and virtue.

"The Patriarch," which concludes the collection, represents a miniature commonwealth of emigrants, originally from New-England, settled in one of the deepest solitudes of North-Carolina, and there, under the benign auspices of their common ancestor, enjoying a state of felicity, to which the busy world is a stranger. Into this Arcadian scene, the religion of the Gospel has entered, and imparts to the picture its chief interest. The incidents are few, but striking, and presented with the most pleasing effect.

The work abounds with classic and historical allusions. The style of the accomplished writer, is on the true Grecian model. It unites precision, simplicity, elegance, and strength. The volume cannot but be regarded as a beautiful little gem added to the casket of moral literature; and we invoke in its behalf the patronage of the Christian public.

#### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The monuments in the other parts of the Abbey are too numerous, and too voluminously inscribed to be minutely detailed. In the south aisle are those of Dr. South, Dr. Vincent, Sir Cloudsley Shovel, Dr. Watts, General Paoli, Dr. Barney, Thomas Thynne—whose murder in his own carriage is here represented; and others unnumbered. Many of the inscriptions are respectively eloquent, poetic, tasteful, brief, witty, historical, entertaining, instructive, pious—though sometimes the piety is of a kind that shows the writer to have been less at home in that department. At the tomb of Dr. Watts, if I had been a worshipper of relics I could have performed my cordial devotions. As it was, I paused respectfully, and thanked heaven that such a man had been here, and now was there, so useful in the one, so peaceful in the other. Sweet psalmist of our English Israel. Gifted genius of varied excellence, greatly good, and morally great. The poet and the prophet, the scholar and the philosopher, the teacher of sages and the instructor of babes, the musician and the minstrel of the sanctuary, the logician and the metaphysician of the schools, the puritan and the dissenter of principles inflexible, and the friend of the wise and the good of all parties, with none of the littleness of any! Blessed man! thy works follow thee—but their fruits on earth remain, and will last till the trump of the Redeemer shall wake thy frame spiritualized, puissant, and immortal in conformation to "his own glorious body!" And then will be realized that part of his own auto-graphic epitaph as if he had written it for the stone of the grave he thus personifies and apostrophises—

Receive my clay, thou Treasurer of Death!—  
I will no more demand my tongue,  
Till that gross organ well refined,  
Shall trace the boundless flights of an unfettered mind,  
And raise an equal song.

How will his glorified body eclipse, "clothed with transcendent brightness," all the "vain pomp and glory of the world," enshrined around his tomb. I would rather be Dr. Watts in the resurrection, or before it, or after it, than be any monarch there—and am ashamed to say of him, a thing so little, and on that account unworthy to be said.

In the west aisle are the remains of Major An-

dre which attracted my attention and affected my heart. His history, as connected with that of my own dear native land as I had read it and wept over it in boyhood, occurred in its freshness to my recollections, and mingled with feelings already subdued, with sympathies already lachrymal and overwhelmed. I had stood on his grave or rather on the spot where he was ignominiously executed and immediately inhumed; on the spot to which he walked with the port of a soldier, remarking to those around him, "I am reconciled to my death, but not to the manner of it: yet you shall witness that I die like a brave man." It was the spot too, where, when arrived, he said, "Must I die here!" Alas! there was no relief—and he thought too little of a more important matter, IN WHAT CONSISTS "THE STING OF DEATH?" What is its power to hurt us? Is it dying on a gibbet? Ask the the expiring author of our glorious Christianity—or, ask his apostles, or martyrs, or disciples. Yes! just after the conveyance thence of his remains, and their transportation to England in 1821, or rather some years after, I visited his vacant or now consolidated grave; with others, I walked up and down the planks of the same apartment, where as a prisoner he was previously confined, and slept in the room of the Head quarters (as it was then) of Washington, and ate at the very table where his death-warrant as a spy, according to the laws of nations, was signed by that great man;

When the light of his eye was dimmed with a tear,  
And the silence by sobs was broken;  
But not a word was spoken.

The device and the inscription are very neat, and pay a deserved tribute to James Buchanan, Esq. his majesty's consul now of this port, by whom his remains were exhumed and conveyed to their present depository.—*Cox's Letters.*

[From the Knickerbocker.]

#### A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

BY C. THATCHER, ESQ.

"Let him range round; he does us no harm,  
We build up the fire; we're snug and warm,  
He may knock at the door, we'll not let him in—  
May drive at our windows, we'll laugh at his din—  
Let him seek his own house, where e'er it be,  
Here's a cozy warm house for ——— and me."

Wardsworth's Address to the Wind

There are few scenes in nature so utterly uninteresting as not to impress the mind with pleasant or sad emotions. In spring and summer there is a beauty in the wildest scene. To the poetic eye, there is a beauty in the lonely shore or the deserted plain. Even the poor wayfaring man, seemingly dead to every gentle emotion, feels his spirit elated and raised above the dull realities of life when he reclines by the side of some little spring, whose course is marked by the brightened verdure on its banks. On every side sweet sunny spots smile to the observer's eye. At times, a stray animal breaks upon the solitude, and divests the scene of its monotony. At times, insects, large and beautiful, like spirits of the air, flit in their wild career; anon the birds pour forth their merry notes, as if in praise of their Maker. In such bright hours the way of the lonely traveller seems to pass through paradise; and filled with happiness, he involuntarily stops to bless the surrounding scene.

In a few fleeting months how changed is the scene. Where once nature seemed to have blended its richest treasure, all is bare and desolate. One wide spread wilderness of snow covers them all in its mournful shroud. The icy blasts sweep by, where once the mild and gentle zephyr alone held sway; instead of the bird's cheerful, happy notes, the air is filled with the moans of sighing winds, as if lamenting over departed joys: instead of the happy sounds of rural life, the lowing of the herds, the bleating of the flocks, a dread silence reigns over every thing—never broken, but by the sad, plaintive sound of the woodman's axe. All other rural sounds affect the mind pleasantly, because they give hopes of future promise; but in this the dead heavy sound at once sends a chill to the heart, for it seems the harbinger of ruin and desolation. The sight of such scenes can suggest for the traveller nothing but gloomy thoughts;

and when, at great intervals, he catches a glimpse of the solitary farm house, his gloom extends even to them; he feels sad for the inmates so far removed from the cheerful haunts of men, perhaps wearing out their existence a prey to melancholy—perhaps wasted by poverty—perhaps pining in disease, hopeless and heart-broken. But a slight acquaintance with human nature will prove to us that the soul is independent of the situation in which it is placed; the summer does not necessarily make the heart joyful, nor the winter make it sad;—this is especially the case with the poor; the exalted have but little notion of their joys and sorrows. In Irving's beautiful language, "we give to 'affection' the coloring of sentiment and romance; but after all, there is doubt whether its sway is not far more absolute among those of a humble sphere."

It has always been my delight to visit the fire-side of the humble, and hear from their own lips the recital of their adventures, their joys, their griefs. The incidents of the following story are derived from this source; they are of every day occurrence, and therefore may not interest those who thirst only for excitement; but haply they may please those who love to contemplate human nature in all its forms, to trace the workings of the heart in the low as well as the elevated; and who love to observe what a veil of romance religion will sometimes throw around humble life.

In the winter of the year 18—, as I was travelling through the then thinly settled state of Maine, I was suddenly overtaken by one of those violent storms so peculiar to the country. Fortunately I perceived at no great distance an humble hamlet, and the smoke which ascended from the roof indicated that there I might find a temporary protection from the cold, and perhaps accommodation until the storm had past. The difficulty of approach to the hamlet was so great, on account of the drifted snow and other impediments of the way, that I had ample time to contemplate the surrounding scene. On the north lay a wide-extended, uncleared forest, which seemed the abode of darkness and gloom; the remainder of the scene was bounded by high hills, interspersed here and there with bleak barren rocks, a few blazed trees which well accorded with the desolation of the prospect. My attention, however, was particularly directed to the hamlet. It stood in the midst of what once seemed to have been a village, but the fallen walls and the deserted houses indicated that the days of its prosperity had passed. Still, the immediate object of my care showed the hand of taste;—a neat paling surrounded a small enclosure of ground; the porch was trellised, and the vines were carefully trained over it; the garden was well stocked with shrubs and trees; and throughout the whole a neatness prevailed, which could not be obliterated even by the drifted snow. Indeed, the general effect was imposing, contrasted as it was with the waste and desertion without. But my train of thought was suddenly interrupted by the approach of the owner of the house, who, with that native politeness so becoming to the poor, had advanced to welcome me. He was a middle-aged man, of robust make, and the serenity of his countenance indicated a peaceful mind; and as he ushered me into his snug parlor I could not help congratulating myself on my good fortune. Picture to yourself a mild looking matron about thirty-five, industriously employed in preparing the evening meal, while her only boy was engaged in spreading a snow-white cloth over an oaken table; a large house clock ticked in one corner; a large dog occupied the other, who greeted me with a low growl, but at the approach of his master relapsed into his former sleep; the household implements were carefully laid by; an open buffet disclosed a few glistening dishes, which contributed their part to the cheerfulness of the room. On a side-table lay the open Bible, as if preparatory to the evening meal; and over all the fire threw an uncertain but an agreeable light; in a word, the whole presented one of those pleasant scenes which we sometimes, though rarely, meet with in the oldest farm houses. My kind entertainers soon made me feel that I was not an unwelcome guest, but invited me to partake of their humble fare.



which consisted, as usual, of milk and oat-cakes. Our meal was soon despatched, and after several queries had been given and answered on both sides, I prevailed on my host to give me an account of his life; for I felt assured that the peculiarity of his situation was the result of some universal cause. Without hesitation he related to me the following.

"As you perhaps have already perceived, this house was the centre of a small village, and the inhabitants were of the humblest rank in life. The reason why this little spot was pitched upon by them, was because it was rent free, and moreover each was allowed to enclose as much land for a garden as he was pleased to cultivate. The old families were laborers in the humblest sense of the word; the products of their ground were so scanty, that they were obliged to work for the wealthier farmers the greater part of the day, and return to their dwellings at night; and thus, in addition to their daily toil, were forced to traverse many a weary mile, since the nearest farm was full six miles distant. From these and many other inconveniences the families gradually dwindled away. Death smote the members of one—disease enfeebled another—the hope of better wages with less toil drew away the remnant: so that at length all disappeared except my father's family. The successive deaths of our parents snapped asunder our ties with this place, and we soon followed the example of the others, and went abroad into the world to seek our fortunes; but before we parted, we all made a solemn compact, that if ever we should become independent, we would return to the place of our birth, to the scenes which the remembrance of our parents had so endeared to us.

I will not detain you by tracing out the fortunes of my brothers, as their employments have drawn them to different parts of the Union. They are nearly in a situation to return to their native place, and, if not prevented by sickness or death, will join me next year; but if you will be content with the simple unvarnished tale of my proceedings, I will with pleasure relate them to you.

At the time of my entrance into the world I was nineteen years old. I had received from my father a good knowledge of writing and arithmetic, (for with these even the humblest American is acquainted;) and these acquirements, together with a good constitution and a few dollars, completed my fortune. Without any fear for the future, I set out on my journey, and after a few days arrived at ——. My little stock of money, on which I had so far subsisted, was exhausted. I had no friend to support me, no one to advise me. I was in a great measure ignorant of the world; in the one to which I had been accustomed, all took interest in the success, all sympathized in the adversity of each other; here each seemed regardless of the other, or regarded him only for his ruin; here a thousand conflicting passions held sway; the streets were thronged with busy myriads, who jostled on, intent only on their own individual interest and advancement; here the rich met the poor and proudly turned from their path; the sounds of happiness were contrasted with those of wailing; youth with age—health with sickness—the hovel with the palace. O the sickness of heart which steals over one, when he feels himself alone in a crowded city, without one friendly voice to greet him, without resource in others, and almost without resources in himself: and I have experienced, and well do I remember my desolate situation; I can truly say, that had I not been buoyed up by the thought of a superintending Providence, I should have sunk under the accumulated misery my destitution heaped upon me.—But I had been nurtured in the fear of God; to him I looked for aid, and he heard my prayer; in the hour of distress I called upon him, and he raised up for me friends.

But I will not enter into a minute account of this period of my life; the details of misery are always uninteresting to the hearer. I passed from one service to another, until I had the good fortune to serve an humble but religious artisan. He taught me his trade; he clothed and fed me: but, above all, he strengthened and confirmed my early religious impressions. In return, I served him faithfully; and by my fidelity so won upon his heart that he shared with me his business, and

eventually connected me with him by a nearer tie. As his son, I was, if possible, happier than before; the day we spent in labor, the evenings in pious reflection. But such happiness could not be of long continuance. He was far advanced in years, and "his lamp of life was flickering;" but, cheered and consoled by an inward peace, he looked forward with cheerful anticipations. Gradually he wasted away. A few days before his death, as his daughter and I were sitting by him, he spoke of his approaching end, and then with a mournful smile he talked of our future prospects. "My dear children," said he, "I feel that I shall not long be with you—I have lived to a good old age, and I feel that my days are numbered; but I wish to speak a few words to you which are the result of my experience. In the humble rank in which you are placed, there are many incentives to vice from which the higher classes are exempt; perhaps the greatest industry on your part can never raise you above the situation which you now occupy—it is filled with toil and anxiety—the days you must spend in toil, and the night in sleep—while the immortal part of your nature will thus in a great degree be neglected. My son, I wish you to fulfil the compact of your youth—to retire from this busy scene of strife to the solitude of the country, to resign contention for peace, to resign the restless desire of wealth for contentment. Through our joint exertions I have been able to lay by a few hundred dollars, which I wish you to devote to this purpose. Do it and I shall die content; for I shall feel assured that the welfare of my children is secured in this world as well as in the world to come." Shortly after the good old man died; his last wishes I implicitly obeyed. For a small sum I purchased this whole tract of land, and a small expenditure enabled me to build this little cottage. My wants are few, and they are supplied from my farm, the neighboring forest, or the river. My days are passed in tranquility and happiness. My wife and child supply to me the want of company, and in a few months I shall be joined by the rest of my kindred.

Thus the principal ingredients of happiness are mine: viz. present enjoyment and a pleasant anticipation for the future. I often suffer my imagination to wander forward into futurity; but a few years will pass before the barren hills will be covered with waving fields of corn—these dense forests will pass away before the progress of civilization, and in their stead will be seen the abodes of man; instead of these unseemly piles of stone, the lofty spire will rise towards the heavens. Here will be a refuge for the distressed and afflicted—here will the wanderer rest in peace and the way-faring man cease from his burden—here the sons of poverty will find protection—and here will the victims of persecution worship their God in peace. Can there be any greater happiness than the thought that I have been the humble instrument to work out the ways of Providence. Believe me, that he who reclaims one waste spot from waste and desolation, has not lived in vain; for he has provided a source of incalculable value for future generations."

At these words my kind entertainer stopped, and I perceived that his tale was ended; and by his glistening eyes, I saw at a glance the pious enthusiasm of his nature. As the evening was far advanced, I retired to my allotted apartment, and was there left to repose. But before I closed my eyes, I could not help offering up a prayer, that the fondest hopes and anticipations of my host might be realized.

#### ANECDOTES.

**TWO TARTARS.**—Two Mongul Tartar chiefs came from the borders of China to St. Petersburg, to examine the arts and manners of the Europeans. They were represented as the most ingenious and noble of their tribe. During their stay, among other things a German clergyman engaged them to assist him in preparing a translation of the gospels into the language of their country, and they spent some time every day in this study. At length the task was done, the last correction was made, the last finish was given, and the book was closed on the table before them. Still they sat se-

rious and silent. The minister inquired the cause; and was equally surprised and delighted to hear them both avow themselves converts to the truth of the blessed volume. "At home," they said "we studied the sacred writings of the Chinese, and the more we read the more obscure they seemed. But the longer we have read the gospel, the more simple, and intelligible it becomes, until at last it seems as if Jesus was talking with us."

This is a very pleasing tribute to the excellence of the Scriptures, and it is just such as might be expected from their natural unpretending style. It is the simple, unvarnished style of truth.

**THE GRANDMOTHER.**—A boy at Sheffield, who had assisted his sister in learning to read expressed a wish to instruct his mother, and requested of the teacher some elementary book, which was given to him. Some time after, he was asked how his mother succeeded; he replied, with a dejected air, "She has not patience; but," said he, his countenance brightening, "my grandmother is learning."

**THE WELSH PARENTS.**—A poor family in Wales, had acquired by great industry the sum of thirty pounds. This, for greater security, as they thought, they placed in the hands of a person reported to be very rich; but he shortly after failed, and they lost their little all. They became nearly broken-hearted; and, from their abject condition, never liked to be seen in a place of worship. After some time, however their little boy found his way to a Sunday-school, was very attentive, and went very regular for a long time. At length he was taken very ill, and requested the teachers to come and pray with him. He gradually got worse, and it became evident to himself and others, that he was soon to leave this world. This little boy then told his parents he felt quite happy in the love of God, and said, if he had not attended a Sunday-school, he should have known nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ. He entreated, as his dying request, that his mother would attend and take his place in the Sunday-school; for in Wales there are nearly as many adults, or grown people in the school as children. The poor weeping mother consented, and, after her little boy's death, attended where he used to sit; the result of which was, that both she and her husband became truly converted to God.

**R. RAIKES.**—It is stated, in the memoirs of the late Rev. Thomas English, of Woburn, that the mind of Mr. Raikes was savingly impressed by reading the 53d chapter of Isaiah to one of his Sunday-school children.

**A SOLDIER'S TEACHER.**—At the annual meeting of the Sunday school Union, in 1832, the Rev. George Marsden stated, that as a gentleman, who by the providence of God had become reduced in his circumstances, was walking along a street he was met by an old soldier, who immediately recognized him, and mentioned the pleasure he felt in having been one of his Sabbath-schoolers. The soldier had heard of the circumstances which had reduced his former teacher to distress, and thus addressed him: "You were my teacher; I have a pension from government; I can work a little, and will willingly give my pension for your relief."

#### ENERGY OF CHARACTER.

How mighty are the motives which urge us to activity and exertion, even if we limit our views to the present life. How necessary are firmness of purpose and an energy of mind, to the attainment of human knowledge, the improvement of human intellect, and to success in every worldly enterprise! But how much more necessary are a singleness of purpose and an energy of soul, to eminence in divine life; and how much greater the motives which urge us to action, when we extend our vision to the eternal world. How melancholy the reflection, that so much *real good* is sacrificed on the altar of indecision and delay. How much more might be done for the souls and bodies of our fellow men—how much might be added to our happiness, here and hereafter, if we would act under the full impression that we are acting for ETERNITY.—*Young Men's Advocate.*

God hears the heart, though without words: but he never hears words, without the heart.—*Hopkins.*

## GAMBIER OBSERVER.

GAMBIER, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1834.

**THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION.**—The anniversaries of the principal education societies in the United States have recently been held, and their reports show a very large increase of effort and accomplishment in this field of Christian enterprise.

**THE AMERICAN EDUCATION SOCIETY** reports an increase to its funds for the present year of nearly eleven thousand dollars. Its whole receipts for the year, \$57,122. During the year assistance has been rendered to 912 young men, pursuing their studies in 159 institutions. The amount of their earnings while prosecuting their studies has been \$26,174. "The results of the Society," says the report, "have been great and glorious; 1964 young men in a course of preparation for the ministry have been assisted by it. It aided the first year only four, the present year has aided 912. About 600 of its beneficiaries, have passed through their course of education, and are now actually employed in promoting the cause of Christ; 40 are preaching the gospel among the heathen as foreign missionaries; more than 200 have at times been employed in dispensing the words of eternal truth, amid the waste places of our Zion, or among the new settlements of our country in the service of Home Missionary Societies; 16 are laboring as secretaries or agents of our different benevolent societies; 46 are engaged as editors of literary and religious publications, or as instructors in our seminaries of learning and theology, and the remainder are settled as pastors of churches, or as candidates for the ministry. One-sixth of all the ordinations and installations of the ministers in the United States, the year past as published in the different periodicals of the day, were former beneficiaries of this society. Through its instrumentality nearly \$500,000 have been raised for charitable ministerial education. More than \$11,000 have been refunded by former beneficiaries."

**THE BOARD OF EDUCATION** of the Presbyterian General Assembly held its annual meeting in Philadelphia on the 21st ult. The following statement gives the number of candidates for the ministry under its care for the past year.

Number of Candidates under the care of the Board during the year,	612
In immediate connexion with the board,	511
Under the care of Auxiliaries,	101
Of the above there are under private tuition and in Academies,	283
In Colleges,	246
In Theological Seminaries,	83

The Institutions are located as follows.

In New-England, 4; New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, 50; the southern Atlantic States, 25; the western States, 30. Making 90 Academies, 23 Colleges, and 6 Theological Seminaries.	
Grand total of Students,	612
Institutions,	109
States of the Union,	19

The number licensed to preach during the year, so far as ascertained, is 30.

The amount of its receipts has been \$44,500, and the amount earned by students in the way of manual labor, school teaching &c., during the year \$7,500.

**THE EPISCOPAL EDUCATION SOCIETY** is of recent origin, and though embracing only a portion of the Episcopal Church, has accomplished much. Bristol College has been founded by its exertions, and seventy-five young men, during the past year, have received assistance from its funds. Its anniversary was held in Philadelphia on the 21st ult. Addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. BULL, Prof. PENDLETON, and Rev. Messrs. MAY and RIDGELY.

**THE PAST AND THE FUTURE; Bishop White's Charge before the fiftieth Convention of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.**—An account of this Convention, containing some notice of this charge, interesting from the circumstances of its delivery, and the venerable, and honored character of its author, was published in our last. We subjoin a few extracts.

In relation to any future change in the book of Common Prayer, the Bishop remarks—

Should the book be brought again under review, there will unquestionably be manifested discordant opinions concerning different particulars of proposed change, and concerning the extent to which it should be carried: not affecting essentials, as may be hoped, but according to diversities of judgment and even of taste. The only security against consequent discord and its attendant ills, must be the spirit of mutual concession, in all points not interfering with the leading attributes of the church, manifested in the general mass of her devotions.

As to the mode of conducting the review, the following advice is given.

Let a committee of bishops be chosen by the house of bishops, and another of presbyters, by the house of clerical

and lay deputies. Let this combined committee assemble at some place convenient for the consultation of books. Let them maturely, and not without continued prayer devote themselves to the work. And when it is prepared, let there be a call of the General Convention: the revised liturgy to be received or rejected by them, without debate. This plan will resemble, as difference of circumstances permits, the form in which the English book of Common Prayer was prepared and adopted; and we know the duration of it. As to conventional reviews, they will be always liable to so much haste, to so much heat and pertinacity of opinion generated by opposition; and added to all, defect of theological learning in no small a proportion of the reviewers, that in the estimation of your bishop there is little likelihood of their being either judicious or stable.

The following caution will be considered important and timely. The appearance even of exalting any human composition, however excellent, to any thing like an equality with the divine word, ought carefully to be avoided. At the same time, we are far from according with those, who undervalue the Liturgy, and do not altogether prefer it to every other mode of public worship.

On this subject of the book of Common Prayer, he is desirous of impressing on the mind of his reverend brethren the guarding against even the appearance of a fault, with which some of our ministry have been untruly charged—the elevating of the book to a level with the holy Bible, by making the acceptance of the former a condition for the bestowing of the latter. The charge has been publicly made and publicly denied and has been continued without proof; contrary, in some instances, to better knowledge. For the avoiding of the appearance of so great a fault, the best experiment will be, that each of us, within his sphere of action, and in the line the most agreeable to his judgment, should give his aid to the zeal which has been brought into action for a general dissemination of the Word of Truth; accordance with which is the greatest glory of that other book which we are accused of holding in extravagant esteem.

Let not our esteem for it be lessened by a charge so injuriously made. Besides its usefulness as a form of public worship, we have abundant evidence of its being blessed to the exciting of devotion in families and in individuals. When, during the revolutionary war, very many districts of our country had become deprived of the means of grace; in some of them, devotion was kept alive in domestic circles, by their possession of books of Common Prayer; so that when, after the lapse of many years, a christian ministry became restored to them, the intervening privation had not obliterated the instruction of preceding times. Neither ought we to be regardless of the fact, that in many a case of a life spent in utter forgetfulness of God, and perhaps in gross sin, the recollection of the devotions of the book in question, has been the means of repentance and reformation.

On the danger of giving undue prominence to the institutions, and external peculiarities of our Church, we have these truly excellent observations:

It is from an unhappy bias of nature, and ought to give a lesson of moderation in the assertion of the value of our institutions, that in our zeal for them we may lose sight of those their attendant obligations. The Israelites, with no small triumph, lifted their voices in the boast—"The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these," which the prophet Jeremiah, in recording it, considered as an aggravation of their delinquency, in "not amending their ways and their doings." So their posterity, in a later age, valued themselves on their "adoption," on their "covenant," on "the giving of the law," and on "the promises;" while, in their boasting of these, they were inattentive to the end of the whole legal economy, its being a preparation for the higher discoveries of the Gospel. It is of the nature of all institutions designed for the observance of the outward man, that they may be so misused, as that the spirit of them shall become lost in attention to the letter. This happens in the case of the institutions of our church, when they are unreasonably pressed on the congregational ear, or even in occasional conversation. That a pastor should see to a sufficiency of instruction on these points, must be conceded to the stations which they occupy. But he there applies the maxim—"ne quid nimis." Especially, when some of those subjects are so often presented to a congregation as to interfere with their expectations of being built up in the leading truths of our most holy faith, and of having its duties pressed on their consciences, and its hopes held out for their consolation, it is not only a misapplication of the zeal in question, but generally encounters the distaste of the most judicious members of our communion, however confirmed they may be in their attachment to the peculiarities of our ecclesiastical system. There are, however, occasions in our churches when these points give imperious calls to the notice of them: and if any should be so fastidious as to expect that there should be silence on them, from respect to the tenets of communions dissenting from ours, it is a plea which cannot be submitted to without a surrender of the integrity of our own.

Independently on what is now urged, we cannot depend on the correctness of our principles, for any considerable measure of success in our endeavoring to enlarge the bounds of our communion. However our nature may be extolled as endowed with the faculty of reason, observation may satisfy us that the generality of men are not accessible by argument, without a bearing on it of associations, not constituting the truth or the falsehood of opinions. Accordingly, it will be to the purpose to mention, that in every age, since the Reformation, in the church so often referred to, there have come to us from her bishops and other of her clergy, and in no small proportion from her lay members, such strains of pious meditation; fervent, yet not enthusiastic; that the more we imbibe the spirit of those exercises, the more likely we shall be to feel

their persuasive influence in drawing serious and well disposed persons to our communion. On the contrary, every minister of it who, although not in any way immoral, is seen to take but little interest in his calling, and is indifferent to the salvation of the souls of men, carries around him a repulsive atmosphere, not easily corrected by any reputation for orthodoxy, or for subordination to rubrics and to canons.

For the Gambier Observer.

## PRIMITIVE CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Editor,—The extracts which follow are taken from the "History of the Church" by Rev. George Waddington of Trinity College, Cambridge, published in the "Library of Useful Knowledge." The author is an Episcopalian of course. His views appear to me so reasonable and scriptural, that, I think, they will commend themselves to the candid reader, and remove from the arena of strife some things that have hitherto been made the grounds of unprofitable controversy.

"We must now proceed to examine the discipline and government of the primitive Church, and, in this inquiry, we shall discover no marks of a loose and passing superstition, but, on the contrary, the surest prognostics of vigor and immortality. There are many reasons which make it necessary, in the treatment of this subject, to distinguish clearly between what is historically known and what is plausibly conjectured; for it is from the confusion of facts with probabilities that most of the difficulties of this question have arisen. In the first place it is certain, that, from the moment in which the early Churches attained a definite shape and consistency, and assumed a permanent form of discipline; as soon as the death of the last of the Apostles had deprived them of the more immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, and left them, under God's especial care and providence, to the unassisted direction of mere men; so soon had every Church, respecting which we possess any distinct information, adopted the Episcopal form of government. The probable nature of that government we shall describe presently; but here it is sufficient to mention the undisputed fact, that the religious communities of the Christian world universally admitted the superintendence of ministers, called bishops, before the conclusion of the first century. In the next place it is equally true, that neither our Saviour nor his Apostles have left any express and positive ordinances for the administration of the Church; desiring, perhaps, that that which was intended for every age and condition of man, to be the associate and guardian of every form of civil government, should have the means of accommodating its external and earthly shape to the various modifications of human polity. It is also true that in the earliest government of the first Christian society, that of Jerusalem, not the elders only, but the 'whole Church' were associated with the Apostles; and it is even certain that the terms bishop and elder or presbyter were, in the first instance, and for a short period, sometimes used synonymously, and indiscriminately applied to the same order in the ministry. From the comparison of these facts it seems natural to draw the following conclusions,—that during the lifetime of the Apostles they were themselves the directors, or at least the presidents of the Church; that, as long as they remained on earth, it was not necessary, in all cases, to subject the infant societies to the delegated authority of a single superintendent, though the instances of Titus and Timothy clearly prove that it was sometimes done; and that, as they were severally removed from the world, some distinguished brother was in each instance appointed to succeed, not indeed to the name and inspiration, but to the ecclesiastical duties of the blessed Teacher who had founded the Church. The concurrence of ancient records confirms this last conclusion; the earliest Church historians enumerate the first bishops of the Churches of Jerusalem, Antioch, Ephesus, Smyrna, Alexandria and Rome, and trace them in each case from the Apostles. And thus it came to pass that, for more than twenty years before the death of St. John, most of the considerable Churches had gradually fallen under the presidency of a single person entitled Bishop; and that, after that event, there were certainly none which did not speedily follow the same name and system of administration. Chapt. 2, page 20."

In the 13th chapter page 200, there is a repetition of similar views, with some remarks upon the character, and relation to each other, of the primitive Churches.

I. The Primitive Assemblies (ἐκκλησίαι) of the converts were called Churches. These, in the first instance, were scattered, as the religion spread itself, in perfect equality and independence, and their affairs were, for the most part, regulated by a body of presbyters, who acted with the consent of the people, and under the guidance of the Apostles. This form of government was, to a certain extent, modelled on that of the Jewish Synagogues, and it was natural that it should be so; since most of the first converts were Jews; since Christ himself had not laid down any general rules of ecclesiastical polity; and since his Apostles were more intent on enlarging the numbers of the believers, and informing their piety, than on constructing partial laws for the external constitution of a society which was destined to comprehend every race and variety of Man.

Over two at least among the original Churches presidents were apostolically appointed under the name of Bishops; and presently, as the apostles were gradually withdrawn, it is certain that all the principal Churches, with one or two exceptions, elected for themselves a superintendent under the same name. That custom prevailed very commonly even before the death of St. John, and became almost universal before the end of the first century; still, for a certain time longer, the various churches continued to conduct their own affairs without any mutual dependence, and with little other correspondence than that of counsel and charity; and the Bishop, in almost all matters, acted in concert with the Presbytery in the internal administration of each.



Thus, in the unsettled constitution of the Primitive Church, we may observe the elements of three forms of government subsisting under apostolical direction, the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, and the Independent. But of these the second scarcely survived the departure of the inspired directors, and immediately subsided into a limited episcopacy; and the third, though it continued somewhat longer, so coalesced with the other two, that the greater part, if not the whole, of the Independent Churches during the first half of the second century, were ruled by a Bishop and a Presbytery; that is to say, the various societies which constituted the body of Christendom were so ruled, though as yet they exercised no control over each other.

In a very short time, as new circumstances rapidly sprang up, it was found necessary for the common interest to facilitate a more general communication between societies, which, though separate in government, were united by far more powerful ties. This was most reasonably accomplished by the assembling of occasional Councils, called Synods, composed for the most part of Bishops, each of whom represented his own Church, and acknowledged no superiority of power or rank in any of his brethren. These associations of Churches cannot be traced to the first century; but before the time of Tertullian they were very common and extensive, at least in Greece, and the custom rapidly spread over every part of Christendom. The rules or canons enacted by these Synods were received as laws of the Church throughout the province which had sent its deputies to the meeting; they were frequently published and communicated to other provinces, and the correspondence and co-operation thus created, united, in a certain measure, the whole body, and combined the many scattered Churches into that one, which, even in those early days, was called the Catholic Church. But from this description we observe both the independent equality of the members composing it, and also, that it had no acknowledged chief or head. For though the Metropolitans might assume, each in his own province, some superiority in rank, perhaps even in authority, yet these among themselves were equal, and their precedence and power were strictly confined to their own district.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF ST. STEPHENS CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL, NEW-YORK.—Interesting incidents which we have met relating to the Sunday School are numerous. I will mention but one or two. A short time since I called upon a family, the father of which I had, at the opening of our school, great difficulty in persuading to send his three little ones. He opposed religion, and therefore opposed Sunday Schools. After much conversation, with reasoning and entreaty on my part, he said, "Well, I don't know as 'twill do them any harm, if it don't do them any good; perhaps I will let them go, if they have a mind to, next Sunday." The children, who were by, seeing their father some disposed to grant my request, at once earnestly joined in, and asked, "Let me go—let me go, Father;" the father finally said, "Well, you may go." On Sunday the children came and for some time were punctual attendants. At the end of—weeks, however, they were absent; and their absence reported to me I called to see them. On enquiry I found the cause of their absence to be a want of some articles of clothing and shoes. The father had not been able to supply them. He was a mechanic, and poor, and "it being," as he said, "hard times for money," he was out of means. Being furnished, through the benevolence of some ladies of the city, with the needed articles, I at once supplied their wants. It was soon after this I made the call in question. It was to carry a Bible, for one of the little boys had brought me word that his father had no Bible. As I went in, the father met me; his little ones were around him, and clad in garments furnished them by a Sunday-school teacher. He looked at them and at me, and burst into tears. I told him I had in my hand a book which rightly used was riches to every poor man; a Bible which I intended for him; that I wished him to read it and to pray that what he read might be blessed to his good. He took it, melted to tears by the effect of a religion which his own experience proved caused its disciples to do good. Of him we have now good hope that this gift will be to him through Christ a rich spiritual blessing.

An instance of the effect of the Sunday school upon a little boy of 12 years of age, who is connected with it, has been to us very gratifying. He came to the school one morning soon after it was opened and asked permission to attend. Of course his request was granted, and he encouraged to come. On the following Sunday, Peter (for that was his name) asked me to give him a book from which he might learn his lessons, at the same time informing me that he had none. He said his mother had no Bible in the house. After closing the Sunday school, with a Bible in my hand and in company with Peter, I called upon his mother. She was a widow—had lost her husband eight years before—and never owned a Bible. She now desired one; seemed to realize something of its importance, and promised, if I should give her one, to make a faithful use of it. The next Sunday when Peter was called upon for his lesson, he replied—"I could not find what you gave me, Sir;" (part of the 4th chapter of Matthew!) "I learnt here;" (opening his book and pointing to the 1st of Genesis.) And truly Peter had, thinking he must learn some lesson, and not knowing where in the Bible to look for the 4th of Matthew, began and learnt from Genesis. An admirable example for such Sunday school children as have frequently to say—"I don't know where the lesson is?" Peter was soon taught the Lord's Prayer, and his duty to pray. But few days since I asked him what use his mother made of her Bible? "She makes me read it in every night and morning," he replied.—And do you ever pray, Peter? said I. "Yes, Sir," said he, "always when I read my Bible." Always when he reads his Bible he prays! Christians, do you thus! Last Sunday, at the close of the school, Peter came up to me, and said, "Mr. W., will you please give me some book which has in it some more prayers?" I gave to him, and his countenance brightened as I made the gift, a Book of Common Prayer; and I fully believe that Peter's sincere interest in religious knowledge

will finally result in his acquisition of that degree of it which will make him wise unto salvation.—Churchman.

BOARD OF MISSIONS.—The Eighteenth Anniversary of the General Assembly's Board of Missions, was held in the Central Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening last the 25th inst. Interesting and animating addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, of Troy, New-York, Rev. Mr. M'Farland, of Virginia, and the Rev. Prof. Howe, of Columbia, South Carolina. An abstract from the Annual Report was read by the Rev. Wm. A. M'Dowell, Corresponding Secretary.—Presbyterian.

The whole number of missionaries aided by the Board during the year has been 213. These have labored in seventeen of our States and Territories. Of these 160 were in commission at the commencement of the year—and 83 have been commissioned since. The whole number of congregations and missionary districts supplied by missionaries of the Board has been about 630. And the amount of ministerial labor performed has been equal to about 200 years.

From the reports of the Missionaries, and other sources of information, the Board stated the following results.

Number of families supplied with a preached Gospel, 16,000. Number of members admitted to the church on examination, 3000.

Sabbath Schools sustained by the missionaries more than 500, with about 3000 teachers, and 17,000 scholars.

Bible Classes, and classes for catechetical instruction, about 250—including not less than 6000 learners.

More than 400 Temperance Societies have been formed by the missionaries embodying not less than 35,000 members.

About 70 new churches have been organized, and as many houses of worship erected. In addition to the foregoing, a number of Bible, and Tract, and Education, and Missionary Societies have been formed. The missionaries report, more than \$4000 collected for Foreign and Domestic Missions.

TRACTS IN MISSOURI.—We give the following interesting facts from the *St. Louis Observer*, to show the importance of the Tract operations in this strong hold of Romanism.—*Bost. Recorder*.

Good done by Tracts.—Two or three years since, a Tract Society was formed by the Rev. Mr. A. in P. country, Missouri, which was chiefly under the influence of Romanists, in a neighborhood, where the ordinances of the gospel were very seldom enjoyed. Dr. H. a physician of extensive practice, became a member and received his proportion of Tracts. Previous to this he had been opposed to Temperance Societies, and as he himself expressed it, frequently abused the use of ardent Spirits. One of the tracts was the *Appeal to American Youth on Temperance*. He read this tract, and as he rose from his chair, resolved that he would never drink another drop, and he has kept his resolution. "That Tract," said he, "saved me from being a drunkard." He is now a consistent, active and decided member of the church of Christ.

His wife had for a long time been much concerned about the salvation of her own soul, but could find no peace. She had been in suspense where to find the true church, owing to the influence of Catholics, but the simple reading of the Bible convinced her, that it was not to be found among the Papists. Still she was wandering without light and hope. In this state of distress her eye was attracted by the title of the Tract, CHRIST THE ONLY REFUGE, and upon reading it, she fled for refuge at once to lay hold upon the hope set before her in the gospel. She keeps that tract carefully folded and laid up as an inestimable treasure, is a warm friend of the Tract Society, and an active member of the church of Christ.

In the same neighborhood there was a Universalist, whose opposition to those who preached the eternity of future punishment was so marked, as on one occasion to lead him publicly to contradict the Rev. Mr. C. while preaching. Two or three of the Tracts were given to his grandchildren, taken home and read by all the family. In consequence the old man, his son and daughter were converted, joined the church, and with all the grandchildren were baptised into the name of Jesus Christ. They ascribe their happy state of joy in the Holy Ghost to those two or three Tracts.

What cause of gratitude has the Rev. Mr. A. for being made the instrument of so much good! And who, that remembers the blessing of turning many to righteousness, will not rejoice to be a Tract Distributor.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church convened in Philadelphia on Thursday of last week. The Rev. Wm. A. McDowell, Moderator of the last Assembly, preached the Sermon. Rev. Philip Lindsay, President of the University of Nashville, was unanimously chosen Moderator. It is well known to our readers that there has been, for some time, a threefold division in the Presbyterian Church, technically called, Old School, New School and Moderate men. Dr. Lindsay belongs to the latter, if to either, though he is generally regarded as unpledged and independent. The session of the Assembly continues two or three weeks. Among the most important subjects which will come before the present assembly, is the condition of two of the Presbyteries of Philadelphia, the refusal of the Baltimore Presbytery to join the Synod of the Chesapeake, and the validity of Roman Catholic baptism. The delegates, composed of Ministers and Laymen, styled Commissioners, usually amount to about 300 persons. They are elected by the different Presbyteries; they are boarded gratuitously by families in Philadelphia, and their travelling expenses are paid out of a fund, belonging to the General Assembly, called the Commissioner's fund. The number of Synods connected with the General Assembly is 22, Presbyteries 111, Bishops or Ministers 1855, Licentiates 215, Candidates preparing for the Ministry 229, Churches 2500, Communicants 233,580. The sum reported as collected, the last year, for various charitable uses, amounted to \$135,467 72. The whole number of persons added to the Presbyterian Church, the last year, was 35,708.—*Boston Recorder*.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER.

Date.	Sun-rise.	2 o'clock.	10 o'clock.	Wind.	Weather
May 29	58°	74°	61°	s. w.	Clear
30	41°	80°	68°	s. e.	Clear
31	62°	82°	69°	e.	Rain
June 1	63°	89°	76°	s. w.	Clear
2	56°	70°	62°	w.	Clear
3	50°	76°	56°	s. w.	Clear
4	49°	71°	o	w.	Rain

OBITUARY.

Died on the 16th ult. in Windsor, Ashtabula county, Solomon Griswold, Esq. aged 80 years. He removed from Connecticut to Ohio thirty-four years ago, and was among the earliest and most active friends of the Episcopal Church in this Diocese.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Slavery in the District of Columbia.—If Congress has no right to interfere with slavery in the states, and thinks it inexpedient with the present state of public opinion, to pass laws to abolish it in the District of Columbia; they certainly have a right, and we of the free states have a right to demand of them, to abolish the slave factories in the district [yes, factories, for kidnapped free blacks are found there] and to put a stop to the practice of imprisoning the blacks, without the forms of law. At present, Congress not only allows the practice of thus imprisoning the blacks at the will of the whites, but furnishes the prison for them. Rev. Mr. Phelps, who had recently visited the district, makes the following statements.

"Mr. P. then spoke of a recent visit he had made to the jail in Washington city. The U. S. government have just paid \$5000 for repairing it. The debtors and criminals are located in rooms above, and below are 16 solitary cells used and constantly occupied for the confinement of slaves and persons taken up on suspicion of being slaves. On inquiring of one and another, My lad what are you here for? it was affecting to hear the reply, "For my freedom sir." Just down the hill in the other direction and like the jail within sight of the Capitol, is the slave tavern of William Robie, a depot for the American slave trade. And seven miles distant, in Alexandria, and under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress, is the largest establishment of Franklin & Armfield. One of the partners told me he had probably sold a thousand slaves already this year. And he told a gentleman, who told me, that he had made not less than \$30,000 by his operations. According to the city laws of Washington, every slave trader pays \$400 for a license, and this goes to support the city government."

Who had supposed that there were slave factories to such an extent in our very capital, and that congress licensed them? Can we of New England sit still, and not petition Congress at least to abolish them, and grant the blacks the benefit of an examination before a magistrate, before being committed to prison? In view of such facts, M. P. may well say.

"Need I ask whether such things bring us and our declaration of independence into contempt? Sir, look at Europe. The Christians—the infidels—the supporters of tyranny—the friends of liberty—point the finger of scorn at our inconsistency. We boast that our country is the home of the oppressed, and yet there is not a nation on earth that holds so many slaves. We cheer on the Greeks to break the Turkish yoke, and we make contributions in aid of the Poles, and yet hold greater numbers in more cruel and crushing bondage."

{Boston Recorder.

FOREIGN.

Latest from Europe.—The ship Napoleon arrived at New-York from Liverpool, brings papers to the 24th from London, Liverpool to the 23d, and Paris to the 21st of April.

There had been a turn-out at Oldham, a town of Lancashire, England, in which a man was shot.

Quiet had been restored to France. It is supposed the late movements at Lyons were the commencement of an extensive conspiracy, there being fifty-three towns at which insurrectionary symptoms were manifested.

The French ambassador had written a letter to the Diet of Switzerland, offering passports to the Poles now in that country, to go to Calais, and likewise to pay their expenses to the point of embarkation.

The Cortez of Spain had been convoked, and Donna Maria was acknowledged Queen of Portugal, where her cause is daily gaining ground, and an alliance, offensive and defensive, entered into between the two governments.

The Spaniards, to the amount of three thousand have already entered Portugal, and are co-operating with the Constitutionalists.

Mr. Farren the British Consul, has been solemnly received at Damascus and hoisted the English flag—the people of this holy city had heretofore refused to allow an infidel to pollute the sanctity of their walls.

Ibrahim Pacha has left St. Jean d'Acre and is gone overland to Egypt; the cause of this sudden movement is the serious indisposition of his father, the effect of grief produced on his mind by the desertion of Osman Pacha.

The Sultan has given his daughter in marriage to Hali Pacha, originally a slave, but now of the highest distinction in the Moslem Government.

Dreadful Shipwreck.—The fine ship Shenandoah, Rose, which sailed from Bremerhaven on the 16th of April, bound to Baltimore, with one hundred and ninety passengers, was cast away the same day, or the following night, on the Mel-lum, near the Bremen beacon, and went to pieces, with the loss of thirty passengers drowned. The remainder have returned to port.—*Presbyterian*.



## POETRY.

## INVOCATION TO SPRING.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Winter! retire,  
Thy reign is past;  
Hoary sire!  
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,  
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,  
And call thy stormy away;  
Winter! retire.  
Wherefore do thy wheels delay?  
Mount the Chariot of thine ire,  
And quit the realms of day.

On thy state,  
Whirlwinds wait;  
And blood-shot meteors lend thee light;  
Hence, to dreary arctic regions  
Summon thy terrific legions;  
Hence, to caves of northern night  
Speed thy flight.

From Halcyon seas  
And purer skies,  
O southern breeze  
Awake, arise;  
Breath of Heaven! benignly blow,  
Melt thy snow:  
Breath of Heaven! unchain thy floods,  
Warm the woods,  
And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,  
The freshening gale  
Embalms the vale,  
And breathes enchantment through the air;  
On its wing  
Floats the Spring,  
With glowing eye and golden hair;  
Dark before her Angel-form,  
She drives the Demon of the storm:  
Like Gladness chasing Care.—*Friend.*

## MISCELLANY.

**A HINDOO TALE.**—An English gentleman, extremely fond of natural and experimental philosophy, being intimate with a liberal minded Brahmin, who had been educated at a celebrated college, they generally passed the morning together. The Brahmin read English books, searched into the Encyclopedia and profited by the best philosophical instruments. The gentleman, on receiving a valuable solar microscope, as a present from Brooklyn, showed it with rapture to his Hindoo friend, and in opposition to the scheme of the metempsychosis, discovered to him the innumerable animalcules which must be devoured by the Brahmins with every fruit and vegetable they eat. After a full display of the wonders produced by the new apparatus, the Englishman, instead of seeing his friend delighted, observed him to be unusually thoughtful, and at length he silently withdrew. At his next visit he requested the gentleman to sell him the microscope; to this the latter objected, observing that it was a present from a friend in Europe, not to be replaced, and while in his possession would afford them mutual gratification. The Brahmin offered him a very large sum of money, or an Indian commodity of equal value, in hopes of obtaining it, without effect: at last, overcome by incessant importunity, the gentleman presented him with the microscope. A gleam of joy flashed across the Brahmin's countenance on obtaining possession of the object he had so ardently desired. They were then in a veranda overlooking the garden, with some kind of artificial rock-work composed of flints and rough stones. The Brahmin grasping the instrument, descended with a quicker motion than is customary with his caste, into the garden, where he laid the microscope on the lower step of the veranda, and, seizing a large stone, smashed it to pieces, before his astonished friend could prevent its destruction. He flew into a violent passion, and, in his heat, upbraided the Brahmin with ingratitude, ignorance, and fanaticism. As usual with his caste, he bore it all patiently, and respectfully withdrew, saying, when he was cool he would pay him a visit and explain his reasons. A few days afterwards he returned, and after a polite, if not welcome reception, he thus addressed his friend: "Oh! that I had remained in that happy state of ignorance in which you first found me! yet will I confess, that as my knowledge increased, so my pleasure, until I beheld the last wonders of the microscope. From that moment I have been tormented by doubt, and perplexed by mystery; my mind, overwhelmed by chaotic confusion, knows not where to rest, nor how to extricate itself from such a maze. I am miserable, and so must continue to be till I enter on another stage of existence. I am a solitary individual among a hundred millions of people, all educated in the same belief with myself all happy in their ignorance! so may they ever remain! I shall keep the secret within my own bosom, where it will corrode my peace and break my rest; but I shall have some satisfaction in knowing that I alone feel those pangs which, had I not destroyed the instrument, might have been extensively communicated, and rendered thousands miserable! Forgive me, my valuable friend; but bring hither no more implements of knowledge and destruction!"

**SPECIMEN OF THE MODE OF LIVING IN OLDEN TIMES.**—Perhaps the following view of the manner of living in the fifteenth century, may muse and instruct some young readers; it is part of the journal of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Lord Grey. She was afterwards Queen to Edward the Fourth and died in confinement at Southwark, under Henry VII., in 1486. This was extracted from an ancient manuscript, preserved in Drummond Castle, and communicated to the public by Lady Ruthven.

*"Sunday morning."*—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachel the other dairy-maid, having scalded her hand in so had a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

*"Six o'clock."*—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest. *Mem.* To talk with the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

*"Seven."*—Went to walk with the Lady my mother, in the court-yard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with the broken meat.

*"Eight."*—Went into the paddock behind the house, with my maid Dorothy; caught *Thump*, the little poney, myself and rode a matter of six miles, without saddle or bridle.

*"Ten."*—Went to dinner.

*"Eleven."*—Rose from the table; the company all desirous of walking in the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile.

*"Three."*—Poor farmer Robinson's house burned down by accidental fire; John Grey proposed a subscription among the company, and gave no less than four pounds with this benevolent intent. *Mem.* Never saw him look so comely as at that moment.

*"Four."*—Went to prayers.

*"Six."*—Fed the hogs and poultry.

*"Seven."*—Supper on the table; delayed till that hour on account of farmer Robinson's misfortune.

*"Nine."*—The company fast asleep. These late hours very disagreeable.—*Christian Gazette.*

**CURIOS ASTRONOMICAL THEORY.**—We state the following on the authority of M. Arago, an eminent French astronomer:—If we place in a horizontal line the series of figures of which the law is evident:

0 3 6 12 21 48 96 192

(each double the preceding,) and afterwards add 4 to each, we shall have a series denoting the relative distances of the Planets from the Sun, thus:

4 7 10 16 28 52 100 196

Mer. Ven. Earth, Mars, .... Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus.

If 10 represents the distance of the Earth, 4 will be that of Mercury, 7 Venus, 16 Mars, and 52, 100, 196, the respective distances of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. This law was known as far as 100, before the discovery of Uranus; and the distance being found to correspond, affords a very remarkable confirmation of its truth. But it will be observed there is a deficiency of one term between Mars and Jupiter. This led philosophers to suspect the existence of a planet at the distance required to fill up the vacancy; and in 1801, Piazzi, of Palermo, actually discovered one, whose orbit was between those of Mars and Jupiter, and nearly at the proportional distance of 28 from the Sun. This planet was named Ceres; and since that period three others have been found—Pallas, Juno, and Vesta—all of which have their orbits so near each other as to lead astronomers to believe that these are the fragments of a larger planet which had been shattered into pieces by some internal explosion, or the shock of a comet.—*London paper.*

From the Vermont Courier.

**Nitrous Oxid and Ether.**—*Mr. Editor.*—In one of your last papers, I noticed the account of a young man in Troy, becoming deranged, soon after he had inhaled that noxious poison, exhilarating gas. This brought to mind an incident, which occurred in my native village a short time ago. Some young men, who were pursuing the study of medicine, in our vicinity, that they might witness the effects produced by this powerful stimulus, administered ether, (whose nature is similar to the above mentioned gas,) to a few young fellows of the village, who finding that this occasioned a momentary pleasure, carried this practice farther. If this had extended itself only to the male sex, it would have been very well. But, mirabile dictu! soon some of the divine sex took it into their wise noddles, and every day or two, they would meet at some appointed rendezvous, and inhale this exciting stimulant, more deleterious in its nature, than the Hydra monster which is daily cried down in our streets. Soon, however, their parents perceived the pale face, the sunken eye, and vacant stare, occasioned by this daily debauch, and stopped it. But alas! it was too late. For one young lady, more feeble than the rest, could not sustain the shock which this had given her constitution, sunk into a low and debilitated state, which ultimately, resulted in a total aberration of the mind. Before her brilliant talents and beauty, distinguished her from her associates, and rendered her an object of increased attention to her parents; but now the marble cheek, and hectic flush, tell of a disease preying upon her vitals, and which, ere long, will add one more victim to its "many thousands slain." Soon she will have passed "life's troubled sea," but she will for many years remain as a beacon, to warn other sailors, of the hidden rock, upon which, already have the boats of two unhappy mariners foundered.

*Haver, N. H.*

JUNIOR.

Judge Brackenridge, in his "Recollections," lately published, in speaking of the convenience of a knowledge of cookery, to travellers in the western wilds, relates an anecdote which, he says, was told him by that able and accomplished officer General Bernard. A French General, in the unfortunate Russian campaign, was taken prison by a Cossack Chief, who immediately recollected him as his host and entertainer on some former occasion. "Ah!" said he, with a joyful air of recognition, "you are the officer at whose table I ate so many good things." "Do not speak of it," said the French officer, delighted at being recognized, and expecting some grand display

of gratitude, "Don't speak of it—a mere trifle." "But I will speak of it," said the Chief, "and you shall—be my cook!"—The Frenchman, surprised and dismayed, and finding that the barbarian was absolutely in earnest, protested, upon his honor that he had no knowledge of cookery; but the Cossack, not disposed to waste time in argument, ordered the knout to be administered, when the officer agreed to make a trial, and was duly installed in the kitchen, where he probably led a more comfortable, though less dignified life than his comrades in the disastrous expedition.

**PUNCTUALITY.**—A committee of eight gentlemen had appointed to meet at 12 o'clock. Seven of them were punctual; but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. "The time," said he "passed away without my being aware of it; I had no idea of its being so late," &c. A Quaker present said, "Friend, I am not clear that we should admit thy apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but here are seven beside thyself whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one-eighth of it only was *thine own property.*"

**EATING AND DRINKING.**—I must own I never saw a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, or with a silver spoon on his tongue importantly peering down his throat, but I desire to exclaim—Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, "Sir you've eaten too much—and you've not taken exercise enough." That these are the real causes of every one's illness there can be no greater proof than that those savage nations who live actively and temperately have only one disorder—death." The human frame was not created imperfect—there exists no donkey in creation so overlaid as our stomachs, and it is because they groan under the weight so cruelly imposed upon them, that we are seen driving them before us in such herds to one little bruen. This reminds us of Voltaire's definition. "A physician is an unfortunate gentleman who is every day requested to perform a miracle—namely, to reconcile health with intemperance."

[*English Paper.*]

**REMEDY FOR RINGWORM.**—A correspondent of the American Farmer writes as follows: "After I had the tetter nearly twenty years on my hand, and had used dollars' worth of tetter ointment which took off the skin repeatedly without effecting a cure a friend advised me to obtain some blood-root, (called also-root, Indian paint, &c.) to slice it in vinegar, and afterwards wash the part affected with the liquid. I did so and in a few days the scurf was removed, and my diseased hand was as whole as the other."

**WILLS OF SHAKESPEARE, MILTON AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.**—The last wills and testaments of the three greatest men of modern ages, are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctors Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own handwriting—"I give unto my wife my best brown bed and furniture." It is proved by William Bride, 22d July, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of handwriting; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.—*Arena.*

The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

## THE OBSERVER

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